

Miscellaneous Editorial Paragraphs

A recent addition to good influences is the "Don't Kick Club" of Buffalo, that already contains some 7,000 listed members. Its fundamental principle is: "Better say nothing than speak ill of your fellow-men." The principle of the club is all right and we have wondered whether it would not be a good thing to organize such clubs all over the brotherhood. At any rate if every church choir would organize itself into a "Don't Kick Club," and impose a fine of \$25 for breaking the rules of the club, it would save many a church from getting into a wrangle.

Rev. G. A. McKinney and a corps of workers from the Howard Street Mission, Akron, Ohio, went to Cleveland one evening last week to smash a saloon in genuine Carrie Nation style. The saloon is the property of Fred Parion, who claims that he also runs a gambling house in connection with it on Lorain Street. Parion was in Akron, Ohio, Monday night of last week and accidentally wandered into the mission while services were going on. They made such an impression on him that at the close he went forward and announced that he had been converted. Rev. McKinney received him with open arms and baptized him. The day after Parion asked the minister to accompany him to Cleveland and put an end to his place by pouring out all the liquors and smashing the fixtures. McKinney accepted the invitation. There certainly could be no better evidence of the sincerity of this man than the fruits which followed his conversion. It is the kind of religion that gets hold of one's life, that changes his character and makes a different man out of him. The power of God works marvels in human hearts and lives.

In an ancient cathedral of Lubeck, Germany, may be seen an old slab with the following inscription:

Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us:
 Ye call me Master, and obey me not;
 Ye call me Light, and see me not;
 Ye call me Way, and walk me not;
 Ye call me Life, and desire me not;
 Ye call me Wise, and follow me not;
 Ye call me Fair, and love me not;
 Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;
 Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;
 Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not;
 Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;
 Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;
 Ye call me Just, and fear me not;
 If I condemn you, blame me not.

That there is much need of missionary effort in all our cities is seen from the following: Baltimore has a young woman, Emma Paul, who has lived in it during all the twenty years of her life, yet has never heard of God, heaven or hell. She was brought into court as a witness in a charge preferred by her father against her mother. Emma said she did not know what an oath was, had never heard of God, or been to church or Sunday-school, or heard of the here-

after. It is amazing that in a Christian land with Bibles and churches and Sunday-schools and other religious organizations there should be even one such person. There is large room for missionary enterprise in all the great cities of the States.

George Eliot put her thought and feeling into a form which applies equally well to the England of today and to America also when she wrote: I prefer a country where I don't make bad blood by having to see one public house for every six dwellings, which is literally the case in many spots around us. My gall rises at the rich brewers in Parliament and out of it, who plant these poison shops for the sake of their millions making trade, while probably their families are figuring somewhere as refined philanthropists or devout evangelicals or ritualists. But we inquire, where is that happy country to be found? It certainly is not to be found in the England of today and we are sorry to say not in these United States either. It will be some time yet before her ideal country is realized. Meanwhile let all Christendom do its duty and hasten the day when the rum traffic will be pulverized and the horrible iniquity no longer stain the fair name of a Christian land.

Provided a young man has gifts, graces, and usefulness, our colleges and seminaries may help him with his preaching, remarks an exchange; but who will teach him how to conduct a *prayer-meeting*? And how many kinds of prayer meetings there are! Some are like the report of the spies—ten grumblers, and only two with grapes; others are of such deadly dullness as to suggest infinite vacuity. But perhaps the popcorn prayer meeting is the most popular and, at the same time, the least valuable of any. When a meeting is gauged by the number of those who take part—"twenty-seven testimonies, sixteen hymns, and eleven prayers, all inside of an hour"—we may be certain that the service has not been on a high level. Then, on the other hand, when the meeting falls into the hands of the long winded folk, they generally leave it as the robbers did the traveler on his way to Jericho, stripped, wounded and half dead. No more tactful, delicate service falls to the pastor's lot than that involved in the church prayer meeting. Perhaps now at the opening of the fall campaign it might be well to give this subject earnest consideration.

"Many years ago," says a writer, "in the company of several ministers, I spent a morning with the Rev. W. Pennefather, of Mildmay Park. After breakfast, he read a portion of scripture in a manner so devout that the guests not only listened but looked, for the pure soul of the man of God was shining in his face. It was a face one could never forget. Naturally of a hard, stern type, now the hardness was changed, he had a beautiful, softened, saintly face. As we sat around the table, fastening our eyes on him, we 'saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.' Afterwards, I was not surprised to hear of a little boy who one day ran home from school, and joyfully rushed to his mother to tell her that he had seen Mr. Pennefather. 'And what did he say to you, my lad?' asked the mother. 'Oh, he said nothing, but he beamed on me, mother,' cried the delighted child.